

The Tragedie

Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,  
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who com's heere?  
*Enter the Queene and the Dutches of Yorke.*

*Qu.* Ah my youg Princes, ah my tender babes,  
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,  
If yet your gentle soules lie in the aere,  
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,  
Houer aboue me with your aerie wings,  
And heare your mothers lamentations.

*Qu. Mar.* Houer about her, say that right for right,  
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

*Qu.* Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle-lambes,  
And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe:  
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

*Qu. Mar.* When holy *Mary* died, and my sweete son.

*Dut.* Blinde sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,  
Wees sceave, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurps,  
Rest their vnest on *Englands* lawfull earth;  
Vnlawfull made d-unke with innocents blood.

*Qu.* O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,  
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,  
Then would I hide my bones; not rest them heere:  
O who hath any cause to moune but I?

*Dut.* So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce  
That my woe-wetied tongue is mute and dumbe,  
*Edward* plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Qu. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,  
Giue mine the benefite of signiorie,  
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,  
If sorrow can admit society,

Tell ouer your woes againe by rewing mine:

I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kild him.

I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill him.

Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

*Dut.* I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:

I had a *Rowland* too, and thou holp't to kill him:

*Qu. Mar.* Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.

From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell.

of Richard the Third

A hell hound that doth hunt vs all  
That Dogge that had his teeth befe  
To worry lambes, and lap their gen  
That toulde defacer of Gods handy w  
Thy wombe let loose to chafe vs to  
O vpright, iust, and true disposing  
How do I thanke thee, for this carna  
Preyes on the issue of his mothers b  
And make her pue-fellow with othe

*Dut.* O, *Harries* wife, triumph not  
God witnesse with me I haue wept

*Qu. Mar.* Beare with me I am hung  
And now I cloie me with beholdin

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd m  
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my

Yong *Yorke*, he is but boore, because  
Match not the high perfection of my

Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my  
And the beholders of this tragicke

The adulterate *Hastings*, *Roxers*, *Van*  
Vntimely smothered in their duskie

*Richard* yet liues, hels blacke intellig  
Onely reserued their factor to buy

And send them thither, but at hand,  
Ensues his pittceous, and unpittied

Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare  
To haue him suddenly conueyed aw

Cancell his bonds of life deare God I  
That I may liue to say the Dog is de

*Qu.* O thou didst prophesie the tim  
That I should wish for thee to helpe

That boiteld spider, that foule hunch  
*Qu. Mar.* I call thee then vaine flor

I call thee then poore shaddow pain  
The presentation of but what I was,

The fluttering index of a direfull pag  
One heau'd a high to be hurled down

A mother onely, mockt with two sw  
A dreame of which thou wert, a bre